8/13/71

Dear Jim,

In today's mail I got from Bud what he probably intended as a kindness but really sickened me, a summary of some French fecal matter called "L'Homme qui crut tuer Kennedy". And some crazier unknowning and not wanting to know fool actually spent the time to translate this rubbish? My Gad man, you now think a Committee to Investigate Assassination but to tempt them! How anybody can lay claim to knowing where Kennedy was when he was killed can go for this kind of insanity and put any effort or credence in it I simple can't understand. But there apparently is nothing rational that can have any appeal there. The serious works Bud doesn't have to to read. The sickness gives him what to him is strength. If somebody can't try and straighten him out it will get to where something will have to be done for him, for this kind of thing and the frustration it makes inevitable and the terrible waste entailed cannot but effect a man's mind. The notes he added to the set he sent me are not jokes. They are intended to be taken seriously

I'd have written anyway to say that whatever you said you had sent third class has not yet come. It never pays

Clip enclosed in case you haven't heard of your new (newsy) judge down there.

Best regards,

authors: Pierre et Renee Gosset; Presse de la Cite